

# SAINT GEORGE.

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(The Society of the Rose.)

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## THE PASSING OF THE MASTER.

*"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."*

HE Master has passed away, and a glorious light has been extinguished. The news, though not wholly unexpected, caused a thrill of sorrow throughout the civilized world. For if, during many years of Mr. Ruskin's life, his teaching caused keen controversy and fierce opposition, there would be few, even among his opponents, who at his death, remembered anything but his noble character, which ever remained unsullied by any act of meanness, or word of malice; and his supreme genius which was entirely used in the interests of mankind.

We cannot record without deep emotion the passing of the last of our great seers. A Prince and a great man has indeed fallen! We recall with a feeling of their peculiar appropriateness the beautiful lines by Scott on Pitt—

"Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill!"

John Ruskin linked us with the giants of the past. He had outlived his peers, and as he too goes from us, we are filled with

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a sense of the loss it means to the world, though this can as yet be only dimly recognised.

But yet we feel that there is no occasion for sorrow. The procession which on that dull January day bore the remains of the Master from his mountain home, along the margin of the lake, to the little Church of Coniston, was in reality a triumphant procession. For he whom it carried had lived his life and had accomplished his work, and had left his message behind him for the illumination of the ages.

His death should therefore inspire the ever widening circle of his disciples with a greater zeal in working for the attainment of the ideals he has set forth. Thus can we shew our gratitude for the noble example of his life, throughout which, with dauntless courage, unflagging enthusiasm, and heroic devotion, he fought for the cause of truth and righteousness.

J. H. W.

## JOHN RUSKIN.

A RULER in the realms of thought,  
A conqueror of the human heart ;  
Though bloodless were the deeds he wrought,  
No warrior played a nobler part.

The one strong man against the world,  
He dared to fight his way alone  
Through Mammon's jeering crowds, and hurled  
That monster from his golden throne.

His love for man forgave their jeers ;  
And steadfastly the path he trod  
Whereon unfaltering saints and seers  
Had led the way to Christ and God.

And they who followed after caught  
New glimpses of the coming day  
When force and greed to love and thought  
Shall abdicate ; and truth hold sway.

To art, to life he gave new birth,  
And taught by noble sacrifice  
How men might make this transient earth  
A long romance of Paradise.

A. E. Fletcher.

## JOHN RUSKIN.\*

By Professor F. York Powell.



T sunset, on the 20th, died a man who has done much for his countrymen and would feign have done more. For years and years he prophesied to us of faith and hope and charity, and of judgment of come. He kept high ideals before us, he was charitable, kind and unselfish in his own life. Like Carlyle, his master, he hated shams: "appearances" or "custom," or "what is expected" or "what must be profitable," were excuses of no avail in his eyes. "Is the thing true?" was his test, and it seems to me that though in applying this touchstone we shall often go wrong, such is human ignorance, we shall not be so likely to go wrong in the long run as if we took another. Like Carlyle, too, he was a great preacher, preaching to a nation that has known many great preachers from the days of King Alfred and of Langland until to-day. Moreover, he was a popular preacher, but he was no hireling loving to prophecy smooth things, flattering under the simulation of rebuke or apologising for and glossing over mean and petty national sins. He was a statesman sometimes, but never a politician, it was emphatically not his humour to worship the ugly idol of expediency nor could he stoop to cajole fools in order to gain place or popularity. His morality would not have allowed him to tell the House of Commons that adulteration was a mere form of competition. He was not willing to tell working men that they were wise in matters of which they were ignorant, honest when he knew that they were too often lazy and stupid, fine fellows when they were obviously, too many of them, more drunken, brutal and dirty than they need be: though to no man in England was the cause of the poor ever nearer, and few public men, that we have known, have thought and worked more earnestly on behalf of those who

\* An Address delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 31st January, 1900.



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labour with their hands or have held good handiwork with more respect. Like Carlyle, too, he was one of the first English thinkers to discover and expose the hopeless but most delusive fallacies of the old school of political economy, though all he got for many years for this service was shallow mockery. But the political economy of to-day is the political economy of John Ruskin, and not the political economy of John Bright or of John Stuart Mill. There was a time when, as he said himself, Carlyle and he stood almost alone against the world that listened greedily to the babble of party politicians and the chatter of popular journalists, to all the meaningless buzzing of the ephemerals, in fact. But how does it stand now? What was essential in the creed of these two men is now largely a matter of faith (though not always of practice) among thinking men and women wherever English is spoken. I am not claiming for John Ruskin the infallibility that belongs to no man, were he even Isaiah or Dante or Shakespeare, but I do say this, that in the midst of an evil generation that laboured busily with the muck-rake, delighting in its filthy toil and refusing any other work, he was not content to live meanly or think meanly, or act meanly, and that like Meredith (the one now left to us of the great English teachers this dying half century has known) he never ceased to point out the evil of the headlong pursuit of riches and rank followed to the reckless damage of body and soul, and to the callous and wanton injury of every beautiful place and beautiful thing in these islands. I confess it is this side of the man that chiefly appeals to me in his writing, though I can see perfectly well that he was not talking idly when he complained that he was taken away from his own proper work because upon him (as upon William Morris later) it was borne in that no one could or would give the message he had learnt to his fellows but himself.

For Ruskin was both an artist and a teacher of art. His own art work was twofold, he wrought with pencil and with pen, with line and colour and with words. His drawings are always delicate, often gently and delightfully expressive. His art criticism is

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admittedly of high order. In fact he has anticipated much of the most modern æsthetic teaching now received wherever art is really followed. It is not such a slight thing that he taught himself by patient work to understand and appreciate the work of a man who was neither understood nor appreciated, though he had in highest measure the divine gift of nobly rendering natural colour and form, and of clothing his vision of reality with such a garment of glory as had never till then seemed possible or creditable to an English painter. If, like all critics, Ruskin was no judge of the works of art he did not love, at least he deeply understood those that he did love. He was blind, wholly blind to the genius of Whistler, but he was also one of the first and best appreciators of Turner, and though there are high technical qualities in Turner's work that are (as some good judges hold) even to-day insufficiently apprehended, yet there must be as a result of Ruskin's generous partizanship many careful students of Turner's work, that were first led to study it by reading *Modern Painters*. It was Ruskin too that placed the study of medieval art on its true basis. It was Ruskin's championship that helped the Pre-Raphaelites in their long struggle and Ruskin's writings furnished them with a store of arguments for the positions they had taken up. His philosophy of art and ethic largely became theirs. In the battle where Millais by his illustrations, Morris by his handicraft, Rossetti by his colour, and Swinburne by his verse overthrew the armies of the aliens, Ruskin did his allies yeoman service. That he was unable to see that beyond these men and their work there were new men and fresh possibilities to come, that he could hardly conceive a great architecture save in terms of Medieval Venetian or North French Ogivale, that he could neither appreciate "classic style" nor the imitations and paraphrases thereof—to say this is to say that he had marked and distinctive likes and dislikes, and that possessing the artistic temperament he was frankly intolerant of all that did not seem likely to satisfy his personal ideals. It is certain that Turner would have differed totally from him in his view of the Dutch school;

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and a system of criticism that practically ignores Rembrandt and Velasquez and treats with contempt the most beautiful and subtle developments of Japanese art, can never be accepted as in any way a complete view of the subject. Still few critics have had the power to transfer to others so much of the effect, that a great work of visual art produces on themselves after prolonged study of its quality, as Ruskin could. He would sometimes dwell far too long and fancifully, as many of us thought, on the subject, or the ideal that was conjured up by the picture he was admiring, but he could also feel acutely the quality of the painting, the charm of the pattern, the satisfactory play of the lines, and the power of the colouring whenever the picture was of the kind he could understand. He did his best to educate his public to art, whether in this he did well or ill, who shall yet decide? It has been held by those who do not speak lightly, that to awaken any one to the delight of the eye is to do him an immense service, and that even though such an one have but small art aptitudes, those tiny aptitudes were better increased than left to diminish by disuse. The influence of Ruskin's teaching really marks the difference in English art between 1880 and 1860, and there is scarcely a street, indeed, or a house in England that does not bear some trace of Ruskin's influence.

Though Mock-Venetian has become an abomination in the hands of the jerry-builder, though Postlethwaite has babbled nauseously of Botticelli and of much else, though much foolishness has been said and done by those who have made the following of Ruskin a symptom of fashion instead of a matter of conviction, though even among honest followers of the Master there has been much blind bigotry and plenty of silly partizanship, all this does not really destroy the value of the good Ruskin has done, working at first entirely single-handed and long almost alone. We must remember too, all that is really essential in his art-teaching has been generally absorbed, we only stop now to discuss points where we differ from it, tacitly accepting its main axioms—the necessity of

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sincerity, patience, observation—and agreeing implicitly with his rejection of machine-made decoration, dishonest use of material, needless ornament, useless detail and all the fashionable falsities that can never become tolerable or excusable to the true artist.

His own handiwork was patient, careful, minute, he was a fine draughtsman (so fine that few save artists seem to me to have really appreciated the beautiful and attractive character of his most sensitive work), he had a subtle feeling for colour in itself, but he would not understand what the critics meant by composition and he did not try to grapple with or to comprehend the problems that men like Manet and Degas have set themselves to solve as far as may be. Those iridescent effects that Turner saw and grappled with so boldly, as Mr. Stevenson has pointed out, a whole generation before other men dreamed of trying to reproduce them, were often negligible phenomena to him. He too often mixed ethical matters that do not concern art at all with his art criticism, always to the delight of the Philistines but not always to the pleasure of the artist. Though even here it is certain that in treating of the social aspects of art he did great service and took up this consideration of difficulties that had not been overcome or even fairly attacked since the days of Plato. He was often fantastic, he was not seldom whimsical, he was at times obstinate, we may freely allow all this and yet the man was so forceful that we shall detract little from the great mass of benefit he did, for he was the first person to convince English people, other than artists, that art is a matter of real importance, that art must above all things express the artist's real feeling, that there is no such thing as middling well in art, that only the human hand can produce—a piece of art—axioms, platitudes now, but paradoxes when he first wrote them down.

I have said that Ruskin was a prophet, that is in its true sense a *forth-speaker*, a man that stood up to speak the truth as he felt it to his generation, he was also a prophet in our common sense, a *fore-teller*. How many of the measures he recommended, when the kindly Thackeray was compelled by the angry outcry of the

orthodox economists of the day to close the *Cornhill* to his articles, are now practical politics, National Education, National Hygiene, National Dealing with the housing of the poor, even National Succour for those who fall by the way in the toilsome march of the Army of Labour, National Dealing with Land, National Dealing with Trade, with Colonisation, with all the real National Interests, all these measures so long denounced without distinction by the old dead political economy he advocated and they are within or at our doors. No European statesman of this generation or the last, (save perhaps Bismarck) has set out such a programme and seen so much of it carried through in his lifetime, and this, though he was a mere private man, not in Parliament, belonging to no creed, no party, attached to no newspaper, possessing not the gift of oratory, loathing the demagogic arts, opposed by the idols of the day, Gladstone, Bright, Mill and Company, only welcomed by the young enthusiasts that read his books and flocked to his lectures, only appreciated by a few honest workers, such as Thomas Dixon and supported by a few wise friends such as Carlyle. And it is this man, laughed at for years as a sentimentalist, scorned as an idle dreamer by the great editors whom he wholly abhorred, that has proved himself almost alone in his generation, a great practical English reformer.

But soothsayer though he essentially was, born to the office and consecrated to the quest in which he spent most of his life, he was also the knight of art. His message was delivered in the most enchanting melody. Each sentence of his best work was a beautiful morsel in itself and fitted aptly and justly to the particular mosaic he was constructing. He used that most difficult and beautiful of musical instruments known to us—the English language, with all the mastery that long and careful self-training, that minute observance of the older masters, that an inborn sense of rhythm and an exquisite variety of expression all his own had given him. Whether he speaks of things homely and peaceful as in his *Præterita*; or of things antique and high as in his books on Italian and English

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Art; or of things deep and pathetic and sternly imminent, as in his works on Society and Economy, one could not choose but listen to the strain, though there was in it no siren music, no wanton piping of vain musicians, but the right melody that Milton loved and used, now simple and wooing as a child's talk, now high and clear and compelling as if an angel spoke. His fair winged words caught the listeners up into the beautiful wild places of the earth, led them through the fair cities and minsters of old, brought them to the shore of the sounding sunlit sea: and whether the seer chose to speak of the air of the earth, of the fires of the heaven, or of the waters of the firmament, he enchanted all that heard him. Even the works and deeds of great men as he spoke of them seemed to glow more brightly by reason of his words.

But in the midst of his loving care for the glories of Art, and his perpetual sorrow for the fair things that he saw neglected and destroyed around him, it seemed as if he could never for an hour forget that there were possibilities of fairer things on earth in this common world of men than any that painter or sculptor imagined. It was his rooted belief that to bring beauty into life was the artist's supreme task. He was never tired of proclaiming that the grime and squalor and dull horror of the modern city were the results above all of ignorance and greed and lack of truth, and of declaring that it needed only the self-sacrifice and effort of those who really loved higher things, if they would but band together against the evil that encompassed them, to bring about the Great Conversion and make the work-a-day world we live in a place fit for human beings and happy living things instead of allowing it to remain the inferno that it is now to far too many of our fellow creatures in this England of to-day.

Of all the Englishmen of this century, both rich and gifted, surely this man put his talents to the best account. His great wealth he spent wisely and generously, he sought for no base returns, he did not require or look for gratitude, he merely desired to see what he had bestowed was put to the best use. His frugal child-

hood, his solitary youth, his sad manhood, his old age darkened by the knowledge that though his teaching was a real force for good, it could scarcely be accepted before some sudden calamity, searching, and significant, should force his countrymen to pause in their blind race for wealth and to steadfastly consider other aims. But his own sorrows never soured him, he continued pitiful for others, grateful to his friends, steadfast in the path he had chosen to pursue.

Such a character is surely worthy of honour, above all, of the honour of patient attention. Faults, short-comings, errors and prejudices he had, of course—are they not set forth in his writings? But in what man of his intellectual rank are these faults so little hurtful, so easily recognised, so simply avoided, for sure as he was of the business he had to do, he lets us see everywhere in his work that these dust-specks on the mirror are but momentary blurs in its clear reflections. Ruskin was right where most thinking men held him wrong, and only wrong where most thinking men, of his time and ours, have been right. If he was one that never faltered in his arraignment of sins and sinners, of fools and foolishness, he was not eager to quench the smoking flax, nor slow to acknowledge his own mistakes. *When he saw the multitude he pitied them*, so that he has left many behind him that bless his memory, and there are not a few to-day that have cause to deplore, full of years and full of achievement as his life has been, the death of a righteous man.

I cannot sit down to-night, with this man's memory in all our minds, without trying to put once more before you in the briefest way the central thoughts that John Ruskin, and every one of our English prophets before him have desired to impress upon us as a nation. They have not told us to tire ourselves out in saving our own miserable souls, or even the miserable souls of other people, they have set small store by dogma, they have not tried to bind us down to rigid rules of ritual observance, they have uniformly insisted upon deeds rather than words, upon the necessity of taking the trouble to think, and upon the duty of every Englishman wholly abjuring for himself the crying national sins of cant,



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pharisaism, snobbishness, love of money and stupidity, and of every Englishman cherishing at all costs the national virtues of fair-play, patience, courage and perseverance. They have all seen that the people that possesses the greatest number of healthy, honourable, cheerful and wise men and women is, and must be, the greatest nation on earth.

It behoves all of us to pay heed to John Ruskin's message, and especially at this hour when the outlook is by no means unclouded. If we mean to secure for our race the high and worthy future we have dreamed of, nay, if we would secure the useful and honourable position we now hold in the world, we must set our house in order while there is yet time to do so. We must forthwith determine, as we can, if we will, that we at least will be, at any material cost, a people of truth-lovers and lie-haters, of healthy bodies and clear minds. Luck that has so long favoured us we cannot command; riches are deceitful, bravery without brains has never saved an animal, much less a nation, from extinction. As a nation, or as individuals, we can only depend, as Ruskin has warned us that we must depend, on hard-bought wisdom, and self-control, and the power that lies in strong muscles and wisely-trained brains. We are, every English soul of us (and we ought to feel that we are) in the position of the Roman of old whose paramount and perpetual duty it was to take care that his commonwealth came to no hurt. There are few of us that do not wish to hand on this goodly heritage our forefathers' blood has bought for us unimpaired to our children, proud in the faith that they will not misuse it or waste it, but till it to the general advantage of all that is good and beautiful on earth. It is not that the path of duty, the way of the right life, is unknown to us, it is merely that it is difficult to walk in.

But it is only by the effort, strenuous, if small, of individuals each in his own sphere, that we can so forward matters that a man may come to look forward, as the man in whose honour we have come together here was able to do, in a full and, as he believed, a well-founded confidence, to times that we can never see, but that our



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efforts (feeble as they must often be) may possibly bring nearer to our children's children, when for *Earth's severed multitudes of the Wicked and the Weary*, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the *Wicked* cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the *Weary* are at rest.

## THE MASTER AND HIS CREED.

By Sir Wyke Bayliss.

**I**F I venture to say a few words in commemoration of the Master of the Society of the Rose—is he not himself the Rose?—it is because I can speak neither as a disciple nor as a critic, but as a witness. I have seen a flame lit in England which I trust by God's grace never shall die out—the flame of a true and generous love of Art, and through Art of all things beautiful. I believe that the torch kindled by Mr. Ruskin, the undergraduate of Oxford, in this nineteenth century, is as luminous, as enduring, and within certain limits as beneficent as that kindled by Ridley, the divine, in the sixteenth.

I say within certain limits because I recognise the difference between the evangel of the two men: I name them together because I claim that their evangel—the light they carried—comes from the same source. If we compare the Creed of the Guild of St. George, for which Mr. Ruskin lived, with the Creed of the Church, for which Ridley died, we shall perceive how incomplete is each without the other—incomplete, that is, if they are intended to be a rule of human life and action. In the Creed of St. George there is no recognition of dogmatic theology: in the Creed of the Reformer there is no recognition of æsthetic emotion. Ruskin's formulary might have been written if Christ had not been a ransom, and we had all begun life with a clean slate. Ridley's might have been written if Christ had not been a creator, rejoicing in the loveliness of the things He had made. The two formularies together—not in opposition but together—seem to express very nearly all that can be known or conceived of the Divine Being.

Very nearly—but not quite all. We have still to take into account the revelation of Science. It is the glory of Mr. Ruskin that he has marked out for us one of the paths by which we may have access; but there are three paths. Mr. Ruskin acknowledges

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this when he says: "I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible—and I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live."

Let us look a little closer at this tripartite division of our faculties, thus set forth by Mr. Ruskin. To love Him—that is Religion. To observe His law—that is Science. To see His work—that is Art. The avenues of access to the Divine Life, then, are not so very complex after all. When we think out a curriculum of study—Music, Language, Arithmetic, Geometry, Chemistry, Mechanics, Theology, Law, History, and the rest—we find that these are not independent of each other, each complete in itself. They are fractions, rather than integers—and we at once begin to classify them. Then we discover that there are only three things the human soul can learn. The first is the knowledge of good and evil—the difference between right and wrong. We may call it duty, or honour, or religion, but the end is the same, the perfecting of our moral nature, the learning to love Him.

The second thing we can learn is the distinction between truth and error. We may learn it by deduction or by induction; we may call it philosophy or science, but again the end is the same, the perfecting of our intellectual faculties by observing His law.

There is only one thing more we can learn, and that is to discriminate between beauty and ugliness. This comes to us through Art. So that this little word of three letters, Art, takes in one third of the whole round of human life. And yet it is not to be found in any Creed, except only in the Creed of St. George, where Mr. Ruskin defines it as "the seeing of His work."

It is in this aspect that I regard Mr. Ruskin as one of the great prophets of the world. I do not under-estimate the value of his ethical teaching, or his speculative philosophy, or his incursions into political science, but I feel that these exist for other men—not for myself as an artist. When Mr. Ruskin first turned his attention to these things he wrote to me: "I am quite unable now to under-

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take any duty diverting me from my immediate work—for which I have too little strength." He was already living a new life of effort—of effort to set right things which seemed to him more evil and to call more urgently for redress than even the ugliness of the gods of the studio, which he had shattered just as Bell and the Dragon had been shattered by another Seer long before. I knew his heroism and purity of heart, and was sure that he would use whatever strength God might give him for a generous and noble purpose. But when the Author of "Modern Painters" turned from Art to political economy it was to me as though the Author of the "Idyls of the King" had ceased to write poetry for the sake of editing the financial columns of a morning newspaper.

*Vivos voco, Mortuos plango, Fulgura frango*—runs the inscription on the great bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen. There is no work of Art upon which might not be written the same words. Art is a perpetual call to the living, a mourning for the dead, a drawing down from heaven of the Promethean spark, revivifying the world with spiritual life. But before Art can ring out the changes of our lives, like the bell in Schiller's Lay, it must be subjected to two forces—the fire to fuse, the mould to shape. Which of these forces is the greater or nobler I will not now enquire. It is sufficient for my purpose to draw attention to the essential difference of the two, and to point out that we have the first of these forces in the writings of Mr. Ruskin.

But the fire which is so strong to fuse is powerless to shape. I do not mean that Mr. Ruskin's teaching is shapeless, but that like the flame which it resembles it is always changing. Mr. Ruskin has softened our hearts, he has melted us, he has subdued us, but the Bell is not yet cast—

Fast in its prison-wall of earth,  
Awaits the mould of baked clay;  
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—  
The Bell that shall be born to-day!

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Dare we complete the simile? Dare we speak of the Art that shall be born to-day? If we would have it so we must look for it in the perfect correlation of these forces—the fire to fuse, the mould to shape: the first to burn out the dross of spurious conventionalism, the second to strengthen the instruction in our Schools of Art, and to establish the teaching of Art in its highest form as an essential part of our system of national education.

How then can the Nation utilize to the best advantage the genius of this man—one of the dearest of her sons. We have lost Mr. Ruskin, but we have not lost his works. Let them be made the heritage of the People. He never intended them for a few wealthy or highly cultured connoisseurs alone: but for the sons and daughters of toil. The Paradise of Art is not a preserve for princes, nor a happy hunting ground for successful speculators. It is the old home of humanity, from which we have been cast out, but which has never been destroyed. Heaven suffereth violence, and is taken by force. Claude, the pastry-cook—Turner, the hairdresser—David Cox, the blacksmith, stormed this Paradise for themselves. But Ruskin has thrown open its gates for us all. Let his works be made known in all our Colleges and Schools, and Schools of Art. Let classes be formed for the study of his works, and prizes and scholarships be awarded to the students who prove to be his truest disciples. Think what it would be to a boy or girl born and nurtured in a crowded city—where there are picture galleries, but no fields or forests, or mountain streams—to range through nature with such a master. He would never again shake a tree thinking the birds would fall from its branches into his hat. Think again, what it would be to a country lad, who knew something of Nature but nothing of Art, to read about Venice and Florence, and the Bible of Amiens, or to study Mr. Ruskin's Chapter on Sheepfolds. For I take it that if these things were taught, everything else would have to be taught that would be necessary to make them intelligible. Such a system of teaching would be a better memorial of Mr. Ruskin than could be built of

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marble or brass, in Coniston Churchyard, or in Westminster Abbey.

But the test of the teaching would have to be very carefully considered. It would not be conformity to the opinions of Mr. Ruskin, but to the measure of the fulness of the spirit of him who made it his creed and the rule of his life to see God's work. The value of Mr. Ruskin's fine influence does not rest on the propagation of his opinions at all. I suppose there are few writers on Art, or for the matter of that on political economy, who have not found occasion to controvert his views. I have myself done this with great freedom of speech. How otherwise than with freedom of speech could I express my sense of the reverence and gratitude and love due to one who was always a king of men, though sometimes he spoke as if he had gone mad upon his throne. But Mr. Ruskin was no "Lear," neither need any one fear to touch him lest he should be hurt. And then, the grace and versatility of the man. Is it not Launcelot? If it was said of Dante that he had seen Hell, it may be said of Ruskin that he had seen Nature—seen her even to—

"The mole, cinque spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

How shall we gain the like vision? Not, I say again, by blindly following his opinions. The true hope of such a system of study as I propose is not to make A think with B, or C with D, but to make all the letters of the alphabet think. And this Mr. Ruskin does. He makes us think, and whether we think with him or not, the thoughts with which he fills our minds are noble and good. He is not one who has only reported to us that in some far away land there are fine flowers and sweet fruits, of which he prefers this blossom or that apple. He has brought to us the fruit itself in its sweetness, the flowers in their beauty. He has planted them in our gardens and orchards, that we may gather them ourselves and taste and see. That our taste may differ from his is to be ex-

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pected, but the difference does not affect the value of his gift. When we have read all that he has said in disparagement of Raphael we may still regard the Madonna di San Sisto as the loveliest painting in the world, and trace much of our delight in it to the sense of vision he has awakened in us. When we have considered his argument from Simon Memmi's picture, that only one girl out of every two or three ought to be taught to read and write, we may still send our children, both boys and girls, to school, if only that they may learn to read his books. We may even crown ourselves with wild olive while we scamper through the country to see the wonders of nature which he loved, drawn by steam engines which he denounced. We may do all this with a clear conscience as Members of the Society of the Rose. But when we come to realize fully what Mr. Ruskin has done for Art we cannot say less than this. He has lifted her out of the stagnant pools of dilettanteism, and the shallow pools of commercialism: he has stripped from her the foul rags of superstition and sensualism. He has made her to sit once more in her own beautiful garments, as the handmaid, not of religion, but of God Himself.

### THREE POEMS.

By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley.

#### I.

#### THE MASTER AT REST.

Brantwood, Sunday, January 21st, 1900.

THE Rose of morning fades, and ghostly pale  
The mountains seem to move into the rain;  
The leafless hedges sigh, the water-plain  
Sobs, and a sound of tears is in the Vale;  
For he whose spirit-voice shall never fail,  
Whose soul's arm ne'er shall lifted be in vain  
—God's Knight, at rest beyond the touch of pain,  
Lies clad in Death's impenetrable mail.

And all the men whose helmets ever wore  
The wild red-rose St. George for sign has given,  
Stand round, and bow the head and feel their swords,  
And swear by him who taught them deeds not words,  
To fight for Love, till, as in days of yore  
Labour have joy, and earth be filled with Heaven.



II.

AT RUSKIN'S GRAVE.

On his birthday, February 8th, 1900.

FOR this his natal day the heavens had lent  
Unto his rest their fitting garniture,  
The snow-fall lay so innocently pure  
O'er him whose life was pure and innocent;  
One way it seemed the foot-marks all were bent,  
As if the mounded earth had magic lure,  
And forth the grave to cheer and reassure  
A spirit voice continually was sent.

The silver mountains called from bluest air,  
But he had entered to his prophet's cell  
New thought in deeper quietude to take,  
While from an unassailable citadel  
In holy ground beside the tranquil lake  
Came forth his mind to make the world more fair.

### III.

#### AT RUSKIN'S FUNERAL.

MEN cry, "There is no open vision now;  
From out the land the prophets cease and fail;  
The last great gladiator falls and dies."  
The hollow winds from off the mountain's brow  
Moan, lamentation fills the darkened vale,  
And the pale lake is loud with sobs and cries.

Beloved presence of the field and grove,  
Thou heart and guardian spirit of the scene,  
Dost thou at last forsake thy fell and shore.  
Blue eyes so full of tenderness and love,  
So swift with scornful hate of all things mean.  
Ah, must ye flash your fire, your love, no more?

There is no yeoman ranging on the hill,  
There is no patient fisher by the lake,  
No child from school in yonder village near,  
But knew of old thy graciousness of will,  
But loved his home the better for thy sake,  
And felt a single word and look was cheer.

Weep then! ye simple shepherds of the fell!  
Yours is a cause of grieving for the world!  
The earth weeps with you,—rocks, and trees, and flowers!  
In fair Savoy I hear the funeral knell,  
Half-mast the flags in Venice are unfurled,  
Bright Florence mourns from all her purple towers.

*AT RUSKIN'S FUNERAL.*

Lo! with the shepherd sons, are mourners here—  
The man who caught the spirit of the sky,  
And made his canvas speak to heart and soul,  
Grave Wordsworth, he who saw thy promise clear,  
Grim Carlyle, one in arms and chivalry,  
And that young Prince who sooner reached his goal.

\*One spirit comes from far across the main,  
Leaving the shy, sequestered Harvard cell,  
Who gave his friend new heart in days of old  
To dare the perilous paths of right again;  
With that young Oxford scholar loved so well.†  
Who laid down life for poor men of Christ's fold.

‡He too from Oxford—fine locks flowing grey,  
Who walked the halls of learning and of youth,  
Close at his side, a dear familiar friend.  
§And one who high above the Barmouth bay  
Gave to the master for St. George's truth  
The fisher homes her love and care could tend.

One seemed to stand in sadness, still unbent  
By weight of years, and still undimmed of eye,  
|| The poet-painter, he whose heart had come  
With that green crown of fadeless laurel, sent  
For his last friend,—frail child of Italy,  
Nursed for such service in his Surrey home.

• Charles E. Norton.  
† Arnold Toynbee.  
‡ Sir H. Acland.  
§ Mrs. Talbot.  
|| G. F. Watts.

*SAINT GEORGE.*

These mingle with us, but one household guest  
Moves shaggy-browed, hawk-eyed, to join the throng—  
An honest merchant, with the wife who bore  
Her son to honour; these have left their rest—  
The Shirley grave—where they have waited long  
To give sweet welcome to that further shore.

And I might see her face our sorrow share,  
Who told by pencilled line and printed page  
The peasant joys and pain of Tuscan wilds;\*  
And they whose gentle tutelary care  
Were long the solace of his faltering age,  
Whose children kept the sage's heart a child's.†

Ah! yes, but other guests to-day have come,  
And in their hands St. George's rose they bring—  
Men sworn by all their master taught and wrought  
To bring back honour to her ancient home,  
To make earth once again for gladness sing  
And build for nobler life with nobler thought.

There is no eye but seems a moment dim,  
No heart but feels as if it, too, must break,  
The spell of all the poet-preacher knew  
Has so possessed the souls that yearn for him,  
For he it was who came hard hearts to make  
Tender, and win by sympathy the true.

\* Miss Alexander.

† The Arthur Severns.

*AT RUSKIN'S FUNERAL.*

But as we stand beneath the mountain lawn  
That filled his morn so oft with praise and prayer,  
From out the grave there comes a solemn voice  
"Quit you like men! for in whatever dawn  
He lives and moves who found earth's dawn so fair,  
His soul has rest,"—and hearing, we rejoice.

## NOTE UPON THE DEATH OF JOHN RUSKIN.

By John C. Kenworthy.

**N**O sense of loss, but of greater nearness, came to me when I heard that John Ruskin had passed over. The bondage of an age-dimmed body fell from him, his youth became renewed among the dwellers in eternity, and every emotion of love and gratitude he has awakened in me was cause for joy in the deliverance that had come to him. For death, to those who believed as he believed, is the entrance to life.

How shall we remember him? Not, surely, by insincere diletante discussion of questions of current art and culture, into which the cult of his writings may so easily descend! But by taking, as he did, first things first; by understanding that *Unto this Last* and *Sesame and Lilies* are substructural, fundamental, to all there is of worth in *Modern Painters* and *Stones of Venice*; and by living and labouring, as he did, to clear some space of free, well-turned ground of honest and healthy social life, out of which it shall be possible for an Art worth possessing to grow.

To throw oneself with whole soul into this labour: that is, not to "follow," but to join with Ruskin. It is labour not merely of Art, but of Religion. So labouring, we shape noble Soul out of the whole material of Life. For some of us who may have the artist's gift, part of that labour may be to express the truth we see, in words, or colours, or stones. But to all is committed the supreme, life-and-death business of living rightly, in our own inner souls, and in our relations with others. Let us honour Ruskin in his place among the prophets, by hearing and doing the truth he has told us.

## JOHN RUSKIN.

By S. D. Paoletti.

*[This article originally appeared in "L' Alto Adige." We print it with great pleasure as an interesting expression of an advanced Italian view of Mr. Ruskin coming, as it does, from the brilliant pen of his distinguished Venetian disciple. We are indebted for the translation to Mr. J. A. Dale, of Merton College, Oxford.—Editor, "Saint George."]*

**H**E was called the "The Apostle of Beauty." But it was not beauty in any narrow sense that was his religion. He was as much the apostle of truth and of love as he was of beauty. And more than the apostle of either, he was a spirit righteous, single-eyed, clear-sighted. And perhaps his desire was not so much to lift the veil that hid the truth from others' eyes, not so much to impress upon others the love of justice, not so much to build up in others a simple and serene habit of the soul. His desire before all things was to tell out and make clear by word and deed all the depth of that contemplation in which he lived his life, all the wonder which welled up from the inmost springs of his being; he longed to tell all the glory of his visions. And so he was more than an aesthete, more than a philosopher, more than a social scientist. He was a true and consummate artist. Any of his drawings, any of his pages are fruits of a true and finished art. His professorial chair seemed in some sort a pulpit from which he as priest diffused the new message to his host of disciples. And this is not far from the truth. None had, as he had, a countless and universal following of devout and faithful listeners, of blind believers, of disciples whose humility was one of religious service. That chair, often enough, was nothing but the channel of communication necessary for the delivery of his message. What clay and paint are for some men, language was for him: the inspiration which some find in

## SAINT GEORGE.

the silence of the study, had to come to him in the meeting-place under the stimulus of concourse. In speech or writing he needed his audience. Rapt in his subject, in memories, inspired by his sense of the interrelations of things, in that exultation in response to which his whole thought vibrated, he talked, talked on and forgot maybe the listening audience, or else he wrote and forgot for whom he was writing. But he unveiled the vision that was in him, and laid bare the stirrings of his spirit.

Mazzini called him "the most powerful analytic genius alive!" Leo Tolstoi called him "one of the greatest men of the age." And Ruskin said of Tolstoi, "he will be my successor." The courtesies of the giants!

With Carlyle, the austere philosopher whose figure towered above his time, who though dead twenty years seems yet to live on men's lips, Ruskin stood to cast the most searching light upon the dying century, and with him carried on the intellectual triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race. Perhaps to him more than to any other is due that wonderful efflorescence of intellectual power which set Great Britain in the van of civilisation. And, in fact, his deep and clear intelligence united in an unequalled degree the progressive thought and positive power of the underlying spirit of his race.

Some of his ideas—Utopian to us—in his country alone could find development and application. Some of his lauded judgments fail to inspire our confidence. Some of his modes of expression seem to us over-emphasised and grotesque. It may be that the ambitious vision of being the prophet of a new religion, guiding his country to victory, made him say that he spoke and wrote only for his own people, and led him to forbid his works to be put into any language but his own. But the keen thirst of love and justice and beauty, that thirst for the ideal which lives in every heart, brought him readers from all the world over. In all the world where his own words could not, echo repeated manifold the message of that gospel which promulgated its laws from the chair at Oxford or the retreat at Coniston. Now, perhaps we shall see a permission



to translate his works, and every civilized nation will assuredly have its version. But how many would attack the reading of these dozens of volumes which contain, if we may so say, the whole sum of the intellectual heritage of a people? Not a thought, not a maxim, not a phrase of this new gospel ought to go forgotten: not one is vain. But if all his works cannot be known, at least their trend, the radical essence of his thought ought to be known. Upon those who do not find it easy to read the two volumes of Collingwood, his favourite disciple, who always lived near the master, and was his staunch interpreter, it ought to be incumbent to read the volume which my illustrious friend, Robert de la Sizeranne, published three years ago, *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty*. I would that this lucid book at least, (a book in which an acute student of Ruskin's works has, with his marvellous synthetic power, presented as it were in the clearest mirror, the features of him whom he calls the Apostle of Beauty) should be in the hands of very many, of poor and rich, of artist and artisan, of labourers and teachers and women—of women and teachers above all. In these times of artificiality, of egoism, of vulgarity, I would that the echo of his voice with its message of simplicity, art, love, and beauty, this voice which has heralded the truth in every field, in nature, life, art, should reach the ears and sink deep into the mind of those above all who have any educational mission however slight. Thus will be finally suppressed the preconception that Ruskin was no more than an aesthete and an original writer on art subjects. Most emphatically that does not define him: he was no mere doctrinaire. His sentiment of beauty springs from a contemplation of the inwardness of nature, and goes far beyond the poor limits of picture or statue. His outstanding powers of observation and exceptional critical spirit, passed in review all the phases and degrees of social life: and the process is completed by synthesis into an ideal, sane, noble, fruitful; an ideal in which art and life are wedded together, interpenetrate each other, and unite themselves in strong alliance.

## *SAINT GEORGE.*

Thus Ruskin can be considered under many and various aspects. He was dowered with the analytic precision of the scholar, the wisdom and broad outlook of the philosopher and social scientist, the vivacity and enthusiasm of the artist. In the practice of life he was author, lecturer, manufacturer, professor of philosophy, art teacher. To emphasise by example the truth which he preached, he lavished his large patrimony, sacrificed in moments of necessity a precious collection of works of art, laboured with the assiduity of one who is forced to take thought for his livelihood, built up again a large fortune. Then at last after strenuous strife, after unequalled sacrifice, after a long succession of gladness and bitterness, when the hour of victory had come and the good seed sown in good soil had taken root and was coming to fruition, he retired into the silence of Brantwood, near Coniston Water. There he lived an example of patriarchal life, majestic in his white old age, venerable and deeply revered. Thus he shut himself off in silence from the world, among those companions who were more than disciples, who like the apostles, had given up everything in life except to live near the Master, to spread abroad his teaching, to treasure up his latest words.

Indeed it was a lofty work, delicate and glorious, to which his disciples devoted themselves. Because, if anyone in this century can rejoice in the inebriating triumph of his own work, none probably can aspire (unless, perhaps, Wagner) to such a long and full influx of his own thought into modern life. With him began our new epoch; in him is expressed the victory of truth; at his side and in his train there wake the newborn energies of the Germanic and Romance races, freeing themselves from the soothing and enervating bonds of frigid and empty Classicism or of pompous and vain Renaissance. He is the one ensign of the triumph of the modern spirit, in the return to nature, simple, sacred, lovely, young for evermore. He is the guide to lead us to this nature, he is the interpreter who reveals for us her most recondite mysteries, her most dimly-hinted meanings. He is in revolt against

the vain, the false, the artificial: and goes, perhaps, even to impossible lengths in combatting all that seems to him unprofitable, all for which man disquiets himself, blinded by the overweening and sterile ambition of a false idea of progress. So he attacked industries in which he wished to see manual labour substituted for mechanical. Thus side by side with the huge machine-factories, one sees growing up, thanks to his words and his example, workshops where woven materials are worked by hand; the spinning-wheels and frames being constructed on ancient models. Thus the paper industries are reviving; thus we are seeing issued from his press (and from those set up under his influence) those wonderful hand-printed editions which rival the most beautiful ancient examples. At his suggestion, we see William Morris devoting himself to weaving, the finest artists becoming artizans and giving the impress of their genius to the humblest material, putting their living selves in the place of lifeless machinery.

The good work, whether humanitarian or aesthetic, does not cease with the disappearance of the master personality, the old man with the great white beard like a god's. The young man who burst into enthusiastic exclamations before the snowy Alps gave place to the mature man who fought with all the ardour of battle against his English critics, vanquished them, and gave assurance of victory to the new glory of the Pre-Raffaellite Brotherhood. The mature man who took his rest and renewed his strength for battle in our own Venice, which he loved as a second fatherland, whence he drew such inspiration, and to which he devoted undying pages, gave place to the splendid old man who took his rest, waiting for death with perfect serenity, in the peaceful English Lake-country he loved so well. And now the figure of the old man is gone. But his life lives in his words: everywhere they penetrate, fascinate, move, constrain, and convince. His thoughts grow into men's minds, his ideas work out their fulfilment, his quickening spirit is ever manifesting itself, giving life and guidance. When his mighty voice had stayed the dissolution of thought and sentiment to which

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man was tending, he was taking thought how he might continue the battle against vulgarity, insatiable speculation, indifference. His hands still hold aloft the shining torch of living fire which lights up the path, which is both guide and ensign, which proffers to the future the assurance of the triumph of beauty, of truth, and of love.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO JOHN RUSKIN  
AT FRIARS CRAG, DERWENTWATER.

**B**Y the kindness of the Lord of the Manor of Cautbrigg and Derwentwater, I am enabled, if friends care to help me, to place some simple memorial to the last great writer connected with the English lakes, at Friars Crag.

It is a fair spot. Ruskin once said that to his mind, the view from it was one of the three finest views in Europe.

It is consecrated to his memory because it is the place that made the first deep impression of the beauty of nature upon his mind. "The first thing," he writes, "which I remember as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars Crag, on Derwentwater. The intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots over the crag into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since."

The form of the memorial has not yet been decided upon, but it is proposed, that as Ruskin was a religious teacher, and as this is Cymri-land, the memorial had better take the form of an early British Cross, of native stone, so placed that it would not be a note of discord in the landscape, some simple inscription upon one side, and on the other, a short passage from his writings might be inscribed. Possibly the wild rose will be introduced in the decoration, and it has been suggested that a bronze medallion portrait should be inserted, encircled by a crown of olive.

All we wish for is some simple and durable memorial which shall recall the tourists who wander here in the summer to the memory of the man of our century who more than others has striven to make the love of nature a possession of the English speaking race.

Any friends who care to contribute are asked to do so.

H. D. Rawnsley.

Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick.

## MR. RUSKIN ON HIS BIRTHDAYS.



THE following letter, which has a peculiar interest at the present time, was addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the late President of the Liverpool Ruskin Society, Mr. Edmund J. Baillie, of Chester, and was in acknowledgement of a box of flowers, which it was Mr. Baillie's custom to forward on Mr. Ruskin's birthday. We are enabled to reproduce the letter here through the kindness of Mrs. Baillie.

Brantwood, Coniston,  
Sunday, 7th February, 1887.

Dear Baillie,

Many thanks for your good remembrances, but please remember also that birthdays are no pleasure to me any more than milestones on the road to one's country. Every day is a birthday to me that rises with sunshine, every end of day, a part of death.

But I shall be very thankful if you send me anything that you write, or grow, that are pretty, at any time, and especially to-day I thank you for that purple milkwort, wholly new to me, and which I should be further grateful if you would tell me how to get my gardener to grow.

Ever affectionately yours,  
John Ruskin.

Mr. Baillie (the memory of whose beautiful character will never fade from the minds of those who were privileged to know him) was the author of a little book on Ruskin's teaching, and the following letter is in reference to that book.

*A LETTER FROM RUSKIN.*

Brantwood, Coniston,  
2nd January, 1883.

Dear Mr. Baillie,

I've just got home, and seen your abstract, which I am deeply grateful for. It leans a little too much on the religious element, not quite enough on the prosaic utilities in me; but it really does me good to read of myself as you tell me what you make of me. It is all right, only too much distillation, but I hope the book will be extremely useful to all affectionate readers—and they're the only ones worth having.

The curious little opening misprint of Telfer for Telford should be corrected in future editions.

Ever most gratefully and affectionately yours,  
John Ruskin.

Drummond,

Coniston, Lancashire

15<sup>th</sup> April  
1878

Dear Allen.

How good and kind  
you are, and have always been.  
- I trust, whatever happens to  
me - that your position, with the  
copyright of my books - if anybody  
comes for them - and with the friends  
gained by your honesty & industry  
& secure on your little piece of  
Wentish home territory. I write  
this letter to release you from all  
debt to me of any kind - and to  
leave you - with my solemn thanks  
for all the energy and faith of  
your life - given to me so loyally -  
in all that I ever tried to do for good -  
- to do <sup>now</sup> what is best for your family



and yourself.

As I look back on  
my life - in this closing time  
I find myself in debt - to every  
friend that loved me - for  
what a score of lives could not  
repay. - and would fain say  
to them all - as to you - words  
of humiliation which I check  
only because they are so vain.

Ever - if I may - in such  
'a time as this - what ever  
is there - except 'to-day' -  
- once more - } your thankful  
and sorrowful friend -  
Master - no more -

Ruskin

[Facsimile of unpublished letter addressed by Mr. Ruskin on the  
15th April, 1878, to his publisher, Mr. George Allen. See note on  
page 119.]

## RUSKIN AND MODERN BUSINESS.

**W**E imagine that there is much vagueness of thought on the part of many who sympathise with the economic teachings of the late Mr. Ruskin, as there is also no little ignorance of what he really meant on the part of those who opposed him. We can hardly hold Ruskin himself responsible for this, since very few writers have ever used clearer language, and since his mind, fortified by an immense storehouse of facts, was, as he was proud to think, of high analytic power. There is one point on which his economic gospel was attacked, first by political economists, and then, when their opposition had slackened, by a kind of combination of Podsnap and Gradgrind,—it had no relation to the facts of the business situation, and could not be adjusted to the demands of British commerce. Seeing that the essence of Mr. Ruskin's gospel, as distinct from its vagaries, was a simple demand for honesty in the first place, and for the relation of economic production to the wider aims of human life, these objections seemed to reflect on British commerce and the business situation, as implying that they could not quite be conformed to honest dealing, or that buying and selling were things by themselves, having no relation to all the other aspects of human life. Now, if Ruskin had merely evolved some new scheme of industry or trading out of his moral consciousness and without reference to human nature as we know it, we might be tempted for once to agree with Podsnap and Gradgrind and waive the vague theory aside as unfit for this world, however it might suit a New Atlantis or a City of the Sun. But, as we shall show immediately, Mr. Ruskin's work in economics, while recognised (as the new *Dictionary of Political Economy* shows) by professed economic thinkers, has been taken up by eager and intelligent business men with the happiest results. Ruskin, with a modesty which he did not always exhibit, derived his ideas on social questions from Carlyle. Now, in economics

## *RUSKIN AND MODERN BUSINESS.*

Carlyle's great remedy for the evils of society was to get the great "captains of industry" to be really captains, to lead their battalions of workers, to sympathise with them, to care for them, while commanding them in their conflict with the forces of Nature. From that simple germinal idea Ruskin deduced a kind of "whole duty of man" in regard to economics, and so evolved a new system of industry based not, as is ignorantly supposed, on the abolition of machinery, but on the two-fold principle of complete honesty and veracity in production and exchange, and in a due subordination of the production of wealth to the wider aims of man. The question is whether this is feasible?

That question has been answered by the report, balance sheets, and statement of accounts, of the firm of Messrs. William Thomson and Sons Limited, of Huddersfield, which lie before us. This is a woollen firm employing one hundred and fifty persons, and reorganised on what may broadly be called Ruskinian principles. The prime agent in the conversion of the firm, Mr. George Thomson, is both a sincere and intelligent disciple of Ruskin, his moral nature grasping Ruskin's essential ideas, and his business instinct knowing what to reject as impracticable or unimportant. We must premise, however, that this method is not one for realising a big fortune,—that, indeed, is its merit. The heads of the business can live, and live well, but they cannot be, as they do not wish to be, millionaires. In this, as in everything else, "ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Those who think that the adoption of Ruskin's ideas means a more subtle way of making one's pile may pass on; this is not for them. The essence of the scheme is co-partnership, every person consciously and willingly co-operating to a worthy end, viz., the production of the best and most honest article that can be produced in the trade. When the business changed over it was registered under the Friendly Societies Act, and there was a public inaugural ceremony. A storm was raised by customers, but Mr. Thomson stood to his guns, and the opposition has now largely died away. During the thirteen or fourteen years which have elapsed since the indus-

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trial partnership was established, the firm has sold high-class goods (all wool—no shoddy) worth £354,931, and has always paid five per cent. interest on capital. On two occasions the profits did not really allow of this, but it was paid all the same by the workers in the first instance, quite spontaneously, while in the second instance half was paid by the workers and half was taken from the reserve fund. Even the most bleary-eyed disciple of Podsnappery must admit that this is as superior to, as it is different from, the normal jealousy of the average capitalist and workman, each ready for lock-out or strike, and each only too eager to make as much out of the other while giving as little in return. Now, in addition to the total sales that have been effected, it may be said that the original cost of the plant has been written off, a reserve fund provided for, and a sick pay and pension fund introduced, from which workers are paid half their wages until convalescent, and aged people who have retired about the same. So the old-age pension scheme is solved there,—as it might be in many another place if only the basic principles of honesty and humane consideration obtained.

But this Huddersfield concern has gone further still in Ruskinian economics, adopting not only the eight-hour day, but the principle of fixed wages for all, so that it is really a working or industrial partnership; and this is so successful that it is no longer an experiment, but a finally established fact. The piece-workers were averaged for two previous years, and all were fixed at the average. As regards the profits, shares are credited to the workers at five per cent., and Mr. Thomson's own proportion of the profit is upon his salary or wage. If 1s. 6d. in the £ is declared on wages, each takes in proportion, whether he is receiving £10 per week or 10s.; the former 15s., the latter 9d. The result of the adoption of the eight-hour day has been to give this firm some of the healthiest and best workers of any place in England. In a word, all the workers are satisfied and none would go back to the precarious and non-ethical conditions which obtain generally in industrial life. Some of Ruskin's business methods, at any rate, pay in the truest sense

## RUSKIN AND MODERN BUSINESS.

of the word, even if you cannot turn yourself into a millionaire by their adoption, and it is well that this should be proved.

For, if we had to admit that Ruskin's ethical principles (which are but the partial application of the teaching of a greater than Ruskin) were useless in the business of life, we should have to admit that the tremendous problem of capital and labour can never be solved, but that society must look forward to more and more frightful convulsions until its very foundations are well-nigh wrecked. If the Haves and the Have-nots are to scramble between them for an unallotted surplus with threats and blows, or by the cajolery of politicians who will take this or that side, according as the cat seems about to jump, then the outlook is black indeed; for all that implies mere force and the absence of the determining moral factor. In a sense, Ruskin was certainly a great revolutionary thinker; but his revolution was to be accomplished by moral evolution, by living and doing the right. If that does not succeed—

“The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And Earth's base built on stubble.”



*[We are grateful for the opportunity of printing the foregoing article, which originally appeared in a recent issue of the "Spectator," as it is in some measure an answer to the assertion so frequently made that Ruskin's social and economic teaching is fallacious. The following letter, written by Mr. Ruskin, with reference to Mr. Thomson's experiment, will be read with interest. We also reproduce a second letter to Mr. Thomson written in connection with the foundation of St. George's Guild, of which the Trustees are Mr. Alderman Geo. Baker, and Mr. George Thomson.—Editor, "Saint George."]*

*SAINT GEORGE.*

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancs, 5th November, 1886.

Dear Mr. Thomson,

I cannot enough thank you, or express the depth of my pleasure in the announcement made in your letter to Mrs. Severn, of the momentous and absolutely foundational step taken by you in all that is just and wise, in the establishment of these relations with your workmen.

I may perhaps live yet to see "the pleasure of the Lord prosper in your hand"—for though making no sign, I have been steadily advancing in strength—hope—and lately even—in youthful enjoyments of former work—and continuance of it on the old terms.

"Præterita" is advancing fast towards the part in which I shall resume the course of thought which led to writing "Unto this Last,"—and to throw what I was able to say confusedly into more intelligent and open form.

But without your practical power and faith—nothing could have been yet done.

Ever your grateful

John Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,

22nd Jan., 84.

Dear Mr. Thomson,


I've been dreadfully overworked this Xmas and New Year, and have put off day to day answering your kind letter, and yet more, the writing a begging one myself, to the effect that you would act as Trustee for the Guild with Mr. Baker, in lieu of our lost Mr. Chamberlain. I can assure you it won't be a labourious or a dangerous position. I trust it will be thought, in future—a very honourable one: in the meantime it will be to the Guild and to me, an extremely kind and helpful one.

Ever believe me, (though thus trespassing on your kindness,—yet already, very heartily—your grateful and obliged

J. Ruskin.

## IN WHAT SENSE OUGHT SCHOOLS TO PREPARE BOYS AND GIRLS FOR LIFE? \*

By Michael E. Sadler, M.A.

OME questions are much more easily asked than answered, and it is safe to say that this is one of them. It is not because I am presumptuous enough to think that I know the right answer to the question that I have proposed it for our consideration to-night, but because the issues which are raised by it are of great and growing urgency, and of direct and necessary concern to all citizens and especially to parents. All that in this short paper I can hope to do, is to prepare the ground for discussion and to suggest a point of view from which to approach the debate. And I know full well how many there are present to-night who can bring to the elucidation of the subject of my essay an experience far longer and a judgement far riper than mine. My object will be fully served if this paper of mine succeeds in drawing from them expressions of opinion which will lead us to a right conclusion. And it is sometimes a gain to look a big question straight in the face, even if we are forced to admit that for the present no final answer is possible. Like life, education (which is an aspect of life) is full of open questions, and in educational discussions dogmatism (though not unknown) is sadly out of place.

Is not education, in its highest sense, a much longer and more intricate business than can be carried on by the school or college alone? The best education is the outcome of many influences which happen to converge on the individual life and will. What Mr. Ruskin said of the best women is true of the best kinds of education—they are the most difficult to know; they are recognised much less by the publicity of their operations than by the nobleness of the characters they produce; “they are only to be divined,

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not discerned, by the stranger." You have to know a country very well before you can pretend to measure the force of its real education. How many elements there are which go toward it here in our own time! The love and example of fathers and mothers, the tradition and the moral atmosphere of home, the drift of its praise and blame, its avowed ambitions and expected rebuke, its faith or unfaith, its opinions implied rather than expressed—(dogmatically violent opinions often produce reaction in the young who are subjected to them: it is what Dr. Martineau calls the "suppressed premises" that seem to gain such strong and secret hold on growing minds). Then there is the penetrating influence of the newspaper press, ubiquitous, seductive, absorbent: the tone of your contemporaries at school or college—how self-contained that often is, the tired waves of the teachers' influence seeming sometimes to break against it in vain; all that is learnt in the discharge of the plain duties of life and from faithful bearing of drudgery; what is expected of you—not only by your employers but by your colleagues—in office or workshop: what is thought good form by those amongst whom you spend your leisure or find your recreation; the point of view taken at the church or chapel which you attend and in connection with which part of your work may lie; the things which your party believes or does not believe, or prefers not to talk about; the bias of your profession; the moral standard of your trade; the public opinion of your social circle; the range of your reading; the great changes which are going on in the philosophical and scientific thought of the time; the impression made on the imagination by realizing the idea and possibilities of Empire; the suggestions, the criticisms, the impulses which come from abroad—all these are elements in the welter of influences which affect the will and the sympathies, and which, whether they issue in action or in hesitancy, in either case colour conduct.

"The great end of life," wrote William Law, "is not left to be discovered by fine reasoning and deep reflections—but is pressed upon us, in the plainest manner, by the experience of all



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our senses, by everything that we meet with in life,"—By that "wisdom . . . . that standeth at all our doors, . . . . teaching us in everything and everywhere, by all that we see and all that we hear, by births and burials, by sickness and health, by life and death, by pains and poverty, by misery and vanity, and by all the changes and chances of life." Nor is this clinging atmosphere of educational influence the same, at any given time, all over England. Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Oxford, Bristol, Cambridge, Leeds—how different are all these to those who know each from the inside, and how different from all alike are various parts of London. Nor are the influences, at one moment, the same for all in one town—different ranges of influences operate on different types of mind, and on different stations in life, and on different generations even in one house. The deepest and saddest gulfs are often those we speak least about. Nor are all the influences which operate on us, and which in the aggregate make up education, of recent origin or contemporary with ourselves. Ancient influences retain unsuspected powers of attraction and linger on among the effective forces of the world centuries after their supposed disappearance. And this is especially true of a country which likes to keep its old furniture and values family associations, being exceptionally unwilling to break that continuous connection which links the present to the past.

If this tissue of subtle influences be rightly called education—and that word when used in its wider sense implies nothing less than this—then how small a part can the work of school or college play in the education which influences the whole of a man or of a woman's life. School or college play a small part, it is true, yet often a determinatively important one. To some, though not to all, there is a short time in life when educational influences (except in holidays) seem almost co-extensive with the school. But that is true of boarding schools rather than of day schools: and only of some boarding schools; and of boarding schools in the old days, before cheap trains and penny postage and long and frequent holidays,

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rather than of most boarding schools to-day. Powerful for good as the day school may be (and here in Birmingham that fact will always be held in grateful remembrance), its influence is only a part of the educational power of the community, as George Dawson and Dr. Dale and others conceived it; and, behind and enveloping the influence of the community, lies the larger influence of the nation and the Empire: and, behind and beyond that, the influence of the spiritual, the scientific and the economic movements of our time.

When therefore we ask in what sense *schools* should prepare boys and girls for life, it is with the conviction that schools can provide but a small part of the true education of a nation. We cannot rely on schools alone to train our young people for life. Yet, for all that, schools can do much to fit or unfit them to learn to make good use of life.

### II.

But, first of all, we must decide what we mean by "life." When we speak of schools fitting boys or girls for life, do we mean by the word "life," their future trade or calling or profession? When we begin to look into the matter with care, I think that we all agree in meaning by "life" something larger and more many-sided than the actual means of gaining livelihood. Sometimes, it is true, we may be betrayed into using hasty expressions which imply a narrower outlook, but there are few, if any, among us who would deliberately regard school life as a time which ought to be exclusively devoted to sharpening the intellectual edge, or enhancing the technical aptitude, of a living tool. We are all parts of a great organization, and there is an upholding sense which comes to us from the knowledge of our being needed to bear part in a common task—a task that is wider and more far-reaching in its significance than we can even know. But we can none of us surrender our sense of individual responsibility, and of individual relation to the Unseen—that conviction of personal identity which supports character and is the germ-truth behind all those historic claims of natural

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right which have been advanced from time to time on behalf of individuals as against the community or the nation or the Empire or the cosmopolitan pressure of aggregate capital.

And, on a lower ground than that, how few professions or callings are there in which a man or woman does not need, as one condition for useful service, the power of seeing things from other people's stand-point; sympathy, tact, imagination. Hence it is that we need to prepare a boy or a girl, not simply for the actual practice of a chosen calling, but for the social conditions in which they are expected to have to work. A few days ago I heard read a letter from an English lady with much experience of life in Natal. She pleaded that there should be more opportunities provided in England for girls to learn, before going out to join their brothers in up-country districts in the Colonies, more of the handy devices in house-keeping and cookery, which so greatly add to the comfort and lessen the expenses of living on small incomes under conditions so unlike those known to them at home. But there is need too for young people who do not expect to emigrate, to be educated in view of their future responsibilities in England. We probably all know cases in which we have a shrewd suspicion that the person has been educated for a station in life which he has not the natural ability, or it may be the means, or it may be the social tastes and connections, comfortably to maintain. And there is always much besides actual schooling that goes to prepare boys and girls to adjust themselves to the conditions of life as lived in their own country in their own time. A child, brought up from infancy entirely among foreigners abroad, would find himself at a loss to understand much that goes without saying in our national life. A social atmosphere is a very subtle thing and a system of education instinctively tries to adapt itself to it. In fact in most countries there are several social atmospheres, and more than one type of education accordingly.

But technical skill and sociability of temperament are not enough for life. We need principle also and the power of rising,

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when need be, above the preconceptions of the society in which we live; of discriminating between what is worthless and what is true; and force of character, when needful, to dissent or protest. Therefore the highest function of education, the necessary note of all education worthy of a free people, is the training of the judgment and the strengthening of the moral will. "See that your mind be free, universal, impartial" said a great writer. Great knowledge is of very little avail in itself. What matters most is faith, the power of self-surrender to great ideas and to great causes; supreme concentration of purpose in the light of the convergent rays of necessary knowledge; veracity of perception, of judgment and of speech; and the whole character harmonised and subdued by a continuous sense of the Presence of unseen Powers, and moved through all its parts in swift and cheerful obedience to the dictates of the moral will.

Thus, in all true education, there must be found together, in due proportion for the task in view, intellectual elements and ethical. The two are inseparable and we may think of them as Dr. Donne thought of himself and his wife.

"If we be two? we are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two;  
Thy soul, the fix'd foot makes no show  
To move, but does if th' other do.

And though thine in the centre sit  
Yet, when my other far does roam,  
Thine leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such will thou be to me who must,  
Like the other foot, obliquely run:  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And me to end where I begun."

Thus, the more we reflect over it, the clearer does it become that the "life" for which schools ought to prepare boys and girls is a complex thing: that self-ends in education are unworthy ends:

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that the aim of fitting children merely to win pecuniary profit for themselves or for other people, is worse than incomplete ; that during school days we learn more from our contemporaries than from our teachers, and more from the example and personality of our teachers than from their set lessons ; that moral isolation is as perilous, as a sense of individual moral responsibility is indispensable, in all true education ; and that it is not with the Present only but with the heritage of the Past that schools and teachers have to do. At all times of grave moral and intellectual transition in the world's history, it has been found to be one of the chief tasks of the higher schools to hold fast to what was good in the old, and slowly interweave with it what was of proved excellence in the new. And a necessary characteristic of any living and fruitful system of higher education is the combination of intellectual alertness and curiosity with reverence for tradition and tenacity of corporate life. Every good school has a personality of its own. It is not a book stall. And yet all its individual characteristics must be rooted in a deep sense of common service and fellowship.

In Mr. Henry Newbolt's noble words,

“To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes :  
To count the life of battle good  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth.

My son, the oath is yours : the end  
Is His, who built the world for strife,  
Who gave his children Pain for friend,  
And Death for surest hope of life.  
To-day and here the fight's begun,  
Of the great fellowship you're free :  
Henceforth the school and you are one,  
And what you are, the race shall be.”

III.

Nevertheless, all the world over there are signs of dissatisfaction, I think I may say of growing restlessness, at certain sides of education as generally known. It is well not to pay too much heed to casual complaints. Food and schools are staple subjects on which the conversationalist whets the edge of his knife. And whichever Government is in power there is bound to be an Opposition. Moreover there are periods in history when, to use some words of Isaak Walton's, the world is sick of being well. And that shrewd observer might have called this, as he called his own, "an eloquent and captious age," But the symptoms of unrest are too general and too persistent for it to be prudent for us to ignore them. In America and in Germany, in Russia and in France, there have been within the last year or two significant outbursts of criticism against the schools as being too bookish, too remote from the concerns and problems of modern life. No grade of education has been exempt from this rather indefinite, and yet damaging, charge. In one country it is the University that becomes the target for criticism, as being too "donnish," too literary, too theoretical, too detached from the foot-hold of facts, as having become the nursing mother of an academic proletariat. In another country it is on the secondary schools that the jet of criticism is turned. They are accused of being drowsy with routine, dusty with classic lore, or worshippers of that idol called "general culture," devotees of the theory that it is worth while to risk health, eyesight, variety of interest, athletic and æsthetic training and all "original brightness" of the unsullied and untried powers, in order to achieve a faultless measure of all-round culture by the age of 19 or 20, with the reward of a secure government appointment a few years afterwards. In a third country, it may be the elementary schools that become the subject of criticism, and dissatisfaction is expressed with the curriculum of rural schools as doing too

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little to fit lads for agriculture or to attach them to the interests or pleasures of country life.

To some extent this is part of the world-wide conviction that for every calling a specific technical preparation has become indispensable owing to the development of science and its application to nearly all the departments of life. This almost universal belief in the necessity of some technical preparation for each and every calling has become a fixed point in our outlook on the future. As to details, we are far from clear. As to how far such preparation can be given in schools or institutions, and how far it must be imparted, under conditions more or less resembling an apprenticeship, in a workshop or office conducted under the rigorous conditions imposed by the necessity of making a profit, these are matters which, in some branches of the subject, are still *sub judice*. But, broadly speaking, everyone is agreed that, in some form or other, every man and every woman ought to have a general education, capped and pointed by some form of technical education, just as one's finger is sharpened and protected by the nail, and just as one's pencil has, for practical use, to be sharpened to a point. And I would add that there is a strong undercurrent of opinion that technical education itself, while it cannot be too precisely adapted to the actual needs and practice of the life for which it prepares, ought nevertheless to be toned and tempered by other and more disinterested educational disciplines, lest the student, at any period of his training, should be led to forget the fact that, in life, skill and conscience ought never to be far apart, and that private gain and individual energy enjoy opportunities which are strictly subordinate in the last resort to the moral claims of the commonwealth as a whole. The world's problem in technical, as in other types of education, is to raise three things, *viz.*, intellectual thoroughness, practical efficiency, and moral vigour, concurrently to a higher power.

But this feeling of unrest, to which I have invited your attention as one of the most significant symptoms in the state of opinion in



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regard to educational matters in all progressive countries at the present time, is not solely an outcome of the movement for technical education. It proceeds from other causes as well. It indicates a desire to change in some respects the *subject matter of liberal education*. There is a feeling that, however good are the results of our best education, the *process* is often an unnecessary wasteful one. Why, it is asked, use, as the instruments of your intellectual gymnastic, studies so remote from modern practical life? With your leave, I will examine this question a little more closely.

Before doing so, however, let me make a number of concessions. It is quite true that the argument which I have tried to state, the plea, that is, for making more practically useful studies the subject matter of higher liberal education, is often urged by persons who are ignorant of the real bearings of the question. It looks much easier than it actually is to contrive that one subject should do double duty in education, *i.e.* that it should provide severe but disinterested intellectual gymnastic and at the same time yield, during the process, an amount of knowledge which will in itself be immediately marketable in practical life. The real difference between technical and liberal education is a difference of *motive*; and in education as in other things it is not easy to serve two masters at the same time. Educational short cuts are often a long way round.

Further I would concede that the demand for a more practical subject-matter in liberal education is sometimes based on an undue depreciation of the value of a disinterested intellectual training as a preliminary to specialized technical education, and that it is sometimes urged in ignorance of the positive value in life of having a wide basis of general knowledge.

But there is something in the new movement behind all these errors, and it is at this that I want to get. First, ought we not to pay careful regard to the fact that nearly, if not quite, all the studies, which seem most remote from much of our modern life



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but which are retained in our curricula for their proved educational value, were at the time of their introduction taught because they were practically useful in themselves? It looks as if dead kinds of technical or professional training were gradually polished up into instruments of liberal education, just as the tusks of dead elephants provide the ivory handles for the instruments of a civilization not contemplated by their original possessors.

Next, though the distinction between "words" and "things" is often pressed to the point of fallacy (just as there have been economists who have exaggerated the separateness of material from other forms of wealth), nevertheless it must be admitted that literary people are sometimes tempted to overvalue the arts of verbal or literary expression. There are many other kinds of expression which ought not to be neglected. And action is often nearer to truth than any form of words attempting to formulate the truth. Be the cause what it may—traditional prestige or human vanity or what not—it is always necessary in a literary occupation to guard against the insidious temptation to regard literary skill and knowledge of books as on a higher plane than other kinds of skill and other kinds of knowledge. Montaigne draws attention to another danger of the same kind. "Some there are," he says, "who are so foolish that they will go a quarter of a mile out of the way to hunt after a quaint new word if they once get in chase; and who are allured by the grace of some pleasing word to write something they intended not to write." I would not say one word to disparage the austere discipline of humane letters. It remains, for many minds, the noblest and surest of all education though I do not go so far as to say of it that "the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim is better than the vintage of Abiezer." Different minds need different disciplines, and no liberal education is complete in which physical science and humane letters have not each a place. But against the baseless claims of second-rate bookishness there is a vigorous and healthy reaction. At the same time I would venture to add that literary knowledge is not the only kind of knowledge

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that puffeth up—and things may right themselves after a time. In the meanwhile, however, there is a drift in the direction of things which seems more practical. And no one who has closely watched the skilful training of little children at the present time can doubt for a moment that manual exercises—(modelling, painting, carpentry, knitting, netting, basket work) may all, in wise hands and in wise measure, be made not only delightful in themselves, but really helpful in intellectual and moral development. Furthermore, many kinds of business are becoming more intellectual—less mechanical—than they were. And we want our young people to be so trained at school as to enter from the first into an intellectual interest in their practical calling. It is a pity when there is an impassable gulf between the intellectual interests gained (or suggested) at school, and the intellectual interest in the profession or trade. Is it impossible that the one should shade off into the other, without prejudice to the claims of disinterested preliminary education? The disinterested part of the education must in no way be compromised or impaired. We need it more and more. Modern business may be an intellectual thing but it will be perilous to civilization if it does not remain a moral thing too.

### IV.

There are, however, great and serious difficulties in the way of any rapid change.

In a book on education, recently issued, there occur the following words. "Education is not mere development—it is training: and training implies an end clearly conceived by the trainer, and means carefully organised to attain that end. . . . The kind of aim, and walk in life of the pupils of each school must be recognised by that school."

This looks fairly simple on paper. But think of it from the point of view of practical organization. In a large school for boys, how many different kinds of life-aim are there not intermixed?

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Then in the case of girls, what a clash of ideals there is in many parents' minds as to their daughters' future and training, a clash between what I may call the ideal of domestication, and the ideal of economic or professional independence. Then, in all day schools, and to some extent in boarding schools, there is the conflict of claims of home and school, the difficulty of the double focus, the dislocation of interest, the tension, caused by the double claim not always harmonised or in full sympathy the one with the other. Again, what demands you already make on the teachers—what further do you not contemplate making if you expect them to be ready to effect the transition between school studies and the later interests of every different type of practical life? **H**ow can we so organise school work as to attain an end which often the parents themselves cannot foresee for their children? And how early in life will it be necessary to fix on the child's career—at how tender an age must this technical tinge in education appear—and, in the case of the children of poor parents, what bearing would such a scheme, logically carried out, have on the transference of promising but poor children from one type of school to another?

Nor must we forget that we are living in a difficult period of social transition, of which we cannot yet foresee the issue. Extreme and far-seeing precision in practical aim could only be required of all schools under far more fixed or stable social conditions than are those under which we western peoples find it our lot to live.

And, as Mr. Ruskin and William Morris faithfully warned their generation, we live in a time of economic transition too. Do those who would commercialise liberal education regard the existing economic order as ideal or permanent? I can conceive heated controversy arising as to the ethical aims to be inculcated, directly or indirectly, in a course of commercial education. At present, such commercial education as we have in England is overshadowed by kinds of training which have been founded on quite other than commercial ideals of life. Suppose, however, the position reversed, Suppose that the most influential part of our national education

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were to pass under the control of persons to whom, as to *Negotius* in the *Serious Call*, "the general good of trade seems to be the general good of life," and who, like him, admire, commend or condemn everybody and everything with some regard to trade. Under such control, our higher schools would, sooner or later, necessarily tend to encourage, by hint, precept or example, those qualities of character which are found most generally to command commercial success. Are we certain that we desire to see those qualities held up to the picked youth of the nation as the chief ideals of manly effort? How long would it be before the supremacy of the commercial ideal provoked deep and deadly resentment, and so endangered the orderly development of what is good in modern trade and industry? "Away from the market happeneth everything that is great," wrote Nietzsche, in bitter rage against some of the idols of modern life. Ought we not to discourage in education these false extremes which end only in the rebound from Mr. Gradgrind to Zarathustra, and back again?

Again, in the sphere of rural education we must pay special regard to the difficulties inseparable from the social and economic changes which are profoundly affecting agricultural occupations, and consequently many other forms of country life. No merely mechanical remedy is adequate to the troubles caused by so complex a change. Let us remember that schools of the same grade, though to an outside observer they may look very like one another, do as a matter of fact differ widely in point of intellectual and ethical influence. In all education, and certainly not least in rural elementary education, very much depends on the teacher's attitude of mind towards life and nature. A love for nature and an interest in country life are infectious things. Much more turns on the teachers, and on the atmosphere in which they have been trained for their duties, than on the actual subjects put down in the school time table. And have any other children a stronger claim than country children on the consideration of those who are charged with the responsible task of guiding the studies of our elementary schools? It would

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be inconsistent with Christian principles, and, in my judgement, with the true welfare of the State, to attempt, by means of the curriculum of village schools, to stunt or to warp the life-aims of country children in the supposed interest of this or that section of the community. But similarly it would be a cruel wrong to deprive country children of that keen and observant interest in country life and country duties, which well-directed and intelligent school teaching can stimulate and train.

### V.

At the outcome of these considerations I would venture to indicate the following answer to the question proposed for our discussion to-day.

The matter is a very serious and complicated one. We cannot hope, at this time of transition, to reach a final or satisfactory settlement of it. But the whole question calls for temperate and dispassionate inquiry, and for skilfully ordered and closely watched experiments. It is an economic and social problem, not only a pedagogical one. Above all let us hold fast to what is of known excellence in our education. And let us not, in building up great plans, forget to consider what our plans will require of the teachers. It looks as if future educational progress would necessarily involve much smaller classes, knit together in schools of sufficient size to secure *esprit de corps*. And much, very much, will depend on our securing for all teachers, men and women (and not least for assistant master and mistress in our secondary schools) those financial and other conditions of work which permit the highest efficiency alike in their preparation for their profession and in the discharge of their professional duties. We shall need to keep all schools in closer touch with life. And, as we profoundly differ from one another in our ideals of life, this will surely mean variety of types of schools and real freedom for different kinds of educational development even in directions which may be at the time unpopular.

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Englishmen will never brook a new Act of Uniformity under the guise of some administrative monopoly of national education. But, in the case of all schools, there must be access for all, however humbly born, who can fully profit by the training which the school can give. And personally, I believe that all true education involves sacrifice, and is the better for sacrifice. It is a cruel kindness to make the higher grades of education too easy of access for the intellectually unfit. Gradually we shall feel our way to wise reforms in methods and in subject-matter, but let us not recklessly cast aside anything which we know to be valuable. Shorter hours and intenser work are likely to prevail in schools and in workshops. In order to keep the schools in touch with life and with new needs, our teachers must have leisure and means for further study, for wider travel, and for social intercourse. Over-driven and worried teachers cannot be expected to welcome, or to work out, new ideas. And the doctors and the parents will have much to say both on methods of instruction, and on the standard of intellectual requirements. Let us also cherish the hope that the future may see some limits set to the idolatrous worship of certificates, and to the tyranny of examinations. The real test of the value of any education is to be found not in examinations but in life. He was a wise man and a great teacher who said that "there is no excellence in any knowledge in us, till we exercise our judgement, and judge well of the value and worth of things."

In fact, may it not be said that one chief cause of the present unrest is that the importance of education is being more and more realised, and that people of all kinds are beginning to look into educational questions for themselves. Every year, the schools are being less left to go their own way. People are becoming more interested in them, and, because they are interested, they talk—not always wisely perhaps—but the growth of public and parental interest is an immense gain and full of promise for the future.

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And when the earlier stages of the new movement are over, I expect that we shall anchor ourselves more firmly than ever on some of the old principles. English education at its best stands for the training and discipline of the moral will. But the play of the will must be informed by necessary knowledge, or strength of will becomes perilous obstinacy. The problem is how to select the right kinds of knowledge, and to prevent mere intellectual attainment from encroaching unduly on the duties, the leisure and the recreations necessary for the true discipline of the will. No purely intellectual test is a just criterion of educational excellence. The highest intellectual outcome of educational discipline must have a moral side as well. Take Sir Henry Wotton's description of his learned friend Dr. Sanderson. "There was in him no sourness, no distraction of thoughts, but a quiet mind, a patient care, free access, mild and moderate answers." "To this," he says, "I must add, a solid judgement, a sober plainness, and a most indubitable character of fidelity in his very face."

And if we aim at producing in our boys and girls, as the outcome of their schooling, veracity of judgment, does not this too imply, as a condition of its highest excellence, that they should possess the sweetness of temper and good manners of the mind and heart which alone enable men and women to speak the truth in love, that love which alone abounds in deeper knowledge and in sensitive perception of truth?



## POETIC THEORY.

To the Editor of *Saint George*.

Dear Sir,

I am not sure if I am justified in asking you to devote any more of your space to a subject so immaterial. But the admirable review of Mr. Saintsbury's *Arnold* in your last number suggests that it might not be useless to add a postscript to my article in the September number, although I am no lover of postscripts. The subject is open to much verbal misunderstanding, and any controversy is sure to be rather futile; but your reviewer's point of view seems so different from that of the article in question, that perhaps some words of comment might afford an instructive illustration.

1. It may be remembered that the article expressed dissent from the doctrine of Arnold's *Essay on Poetry*. Your reviewer singles out for refutation a sentence which seems to be part of an attack on the same doctrine. He "half-suspects" Mr. Saintsbury "of being only partially in earnest." Whether Mr. Saintsbury was guilty of this rather pointless flippancy, I cannot of course say, especially as I know nothing of his book, but for myself, I certainly meant what I said. Is the argument "specious"? The point under discussion is "the source of poetic pleasure;" if you arrive at any definition of poetry, it must apply to all poetry, as such, and to nothing else. That is why Arnold's is not logically a definition at all, not even when emended to the satisfaction of your reviewer. Nor is Mr. Ruskin's, even after he had in later life altered it, as I pointed out: your reviewer is content with the earlier form which Mr. Ruskin himself discovered to be faulty. Poetry has its special pleasure, different in some way from that of anything else: that difference is what the critic has to discover and define. No doubt "great" poetry must do more than barely satisfy any definition of poetry as such. Poetry at its best must



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have the qualities eloquently described by your reviewer. But so must everything which appeals to our deepest and truest selves. Nothing to our minds can be truly great which does not "thrill the heart with one of the many impulses and passions which makes humanity what it is." For that is just what we mean by greatness in whatever specific form it may appeal to our emotions. Your reviewer has indeed put with force and truth the highest function to which poetry (or any other mode of expression) can attain. But he has not found a definition of poetry, which is what Mr. Saintsbury is discussing. The confusion is analogous to that against which Sir Wyke Bayliss warned us in his Presidential Address when he reminded us that, while as disciples of Ruskin we are safe from imagining a fatal separation between them, we must yet remember that the spiritual and the æsthetic are two forces, converging indeed, but different, and moving under different sanctions.

2. To support his case your reviewer appeals to Wordsworth. He says "no poet when he was dealing with commonplace subjects could be more bald and tedious than Wordsworth; but few can surpass him in greatness or in beauty when his subject is a worthy one." But by nature and design he *did* choose "commonplace subjects." It was his deliberate aim as well as his great genius: he never quite lost the temper of the ideal childhood of the great *Ode*—the world never quite faded into the light of common day. It could not be better put than in the unforgettable words of Coleridge: Wordsworth had "above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world round forms, incidents and situations, of which for the common view, custom had dimmed all the lustre, had dried up all the sparkle and the dew-drops. . . . To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood—to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius." Your reviewer's estimate of

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Arnold does not concern my point. But I cannot help thinking that with his great admiration for Wordsworth it is unfortunate he should condemn Arnold's ideal, "to see life steadily and see it whole." For one of Wordsworth's greatest lessons was the need of a "wise passiveness," a lesson so much needed in his time and ours. "The office of the poet" says Mr. Pater, "is not that of the moralist; but one lesson (if men must have lessons) Wordsworth conveys more clearly than all, the supreme importance of contemplation—impassioned contemplation—in the conduct of life." This habit of comprehensive insight is called by Mr. Hobson "the first requirement of all valid ethical teaching," the source of Ruskin's real greatness (*John Ruskin: Social Reformer*, p. 47). But whatever be the truth of Arnold's line and its lesson, it is beyond question most apt as an appreciation of "our Sophocles the royal" (for it is by a slip that your reviewer ascribes it to Epictetus). If it is not all the poets believe it to be as an ideal of life, it is at least a luminous summary of his kingly prerogative.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. Dale.

## NOTES.

### THE MASTER'S FUNERAL.

I suppose that when we heard that the offer of a grave in Westminster Abbey had been made to the family at Brantwood, we thought of it with mingled, and, in some measure, conflicting feelings. On the one hand we all sympathized with the feeling that the great prophet should be laid to his rest, amidst every token of national respect and love, in the noble building where sleep so many of our illustrious ones, but against this natural feeling we had to set the fact of Mr. Ruskin's own wishes. It is true that he loved the Abbey with a great love, but he hated big cities, and the thought of his bones being conveyed by railway from the mountains and moors he loved so well to the great Metropolis, would have been very sorrowful to him. On the whole, therefore, most of us, I think, learnt with a sense of relief that Mr. Ruskin's friends had decided to bury him in his beloved lakeland.

It is a fair spot. The little churchyard is encircled by the mountains, and one feels that a fitter resting place could scarce be found, unless it were in the solitudes of the Alps which he held in such reverence, and where he wished his body to be left if he should lose his life when climbing amongst them.

The Master died on Saturday, 20th January, and the funeral took place on the following Thursday, 25th January. On the day previous the coffin was conveyed from the study at Brantwood to Coniston Church, where the remains lay in state until noon of the following day. During the time the body lay in state there was a constant flow of visitors through the Church. It was strangely interesting to watch these as they filed past the coffin. There were disciples from long distances, old students from Oxford and London, poor peasant women with their children, tottering old men from hillside farms near and distant; all moved by one common feeling of love for he whom they had lost. The floral tributes were very numerous, and of extraordinary beauty. Many of these bore inscriptions of

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great interest. Mr. G. F. Watts sent a Greek laurel wreath "for the last of his friends," cut from a tree which had previously supplied three similar wreaths for Tennyson, Burne Jones, and Leighton respectively. Many flowers were sent by little children and reminded us of the intense love the Master had for such. For a portion of the Wednesday afternoon the lid of the outer coffin was raised and Mr. Ruskin's face was visible through a small pane of glass. This, however, was only for a very short time.

In connection with the laying in state, there was one matter which seriously jarred upon the feelings of those who mourned their lost leader. In the front pews there was a formidable row of cameras on their tripods, the operators of which continually requested visitors to the church to keep moving on account of the photographs which were being taken. Such an unseemly feature ought not to have been allowed.

At noon on Thursday the Church was closed, and re-opened for the Funeral Service at 2-30. The little church was all too small for the number who sought admission. The nature of this final service was very simple and accorded with all the other arrangements. The congregation united in singing the following hymn composed by Canon Rawnsley "in loving memory of John Ruskin."

The prophets cease from out the land,  
The counsellors are gone,  
The lips to kindle and command  
Are silent one by one.

Our master taken from our head,  
In sorrow, here we pray—  
Lord, teach us in his steps to tread;  
Be thou our guide and stay,

Till all the righteousness he loved,  
The sympathy he sought,  
The truth by deed and word he proved,  
Be made our daily thought.

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He gave us eyes for we were blind;  
He bade us know and hear;  
By him the wonder of the mind  
Of God, on earth was clear.

We knew the travail of his soul,  
We thank thee for his rest;  
Lord, lead us upward to his goal—  
The pure, the true, the best.

Another most impressive feature of the service was the singing by Miss Wakefield of the Rev. Gregory Smith's hymn "Evening and Morning" which deeply moved the congregation. The service was mainly conducted by the Rev. W. Chapman, assisted by Canons Rawnsley and Richmond, and the Rev. E. W. Oak. The pall bearers were Mr. George Baker and Mr. George Thomson, as trustees of St. George's Guild, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Mr. George Allen, Mr. Walter Severn, and Mr. J. Bolding. The Pall itself was of plain unbleached, hand-spun and hand-woven linen, and was the work of the Ruskin Linen Industry at Keswick. In the centre of a wreath of wild roses were embroidered the words "Unto this last."

At the graveside the proceedings were very brief, the prayers usually read here having been previously offered in Church. The scene will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it. We were burying a great Teacher of Righteousness, and though children and old men alike grieved for their personal loss, yet all felt that he whom they mourned had passed from them, not prematurely, but with his work done, to enter into eternal rest.

MR. GEORGE  
ALLEN.

On another page we print a letter addressed to Mr. Allen by Mr. Ruskin on 15th April, 1878. We are indebted to Mr. Allen for his kindness in acceding to our wish to reproduce this letter. He does so because it was written after

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Mr. Ruskin's recovery from a serious illness, and its interest as a literary production, and also as characteristic of the writer, renders it most appropriate for this memorial number, especially also as the time of the year it is dated approximates.

The letter is facsimiled in order to show how spontaneously it was written, none of the words being deleted and only one interpolated.

Mr. George Allen was one of the most interesting figures at the Funeral. We suppose that no other living man has had closer connection with the dead prophet. We hope that Mr. Allen will one day issue his reminiscences of the Master. They would be of rare interest, and ought not to be lost to the world. We know no man better qualified to tell the story of Mr. Ruskin's personal life. It is a story which has never yet been told, and we submit that it is a story which should now be told fully.

For the convenience of our readers we print below the wording of Mr. Ruskin's letter to Mr. Allen, which is facsimiled on page 90.

Brantwood, Coniston,  
Lancashire,

15th April, 1878.

Dear Allen,

How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position with the copy-right of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself.

As I look back on my life in this closing time I find myself in debt to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could

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not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation which I check only because they are so vain.

Ever (Nay—in such a time as this what “ever” is there except “to-day”—once more—) your thankful and sorrowful friend—  
Master, no more—

J. Ruskin.

### THE RUSKIN UNION.

On 8th February last, a public meeting was convened in London, presided over by Mr. Frederic Harrison, at which an address was delivered upon Ruskin's Life and Work by the Rev. J. B. Booth, M.A., and a resolution was adopted founding a Ruskin Union “to promote the study of the works of John Ruskin, recognising them, without indiscriminate approval, as the outcome of a genius at once profound, sympathetic, and generous, and nobly used for the benefit of mankind.” An influential Council has been elected and is now considering a scheme of work. We trust that all success will attend the operations of this new Union, and that it has a wide field of work before it. We especially congratulate the Union upon having secured a deputy chairman in the person of Mr. J. Lewis Paton, M.A., the justly esteemed head-master of University College School.

As we write the first number of the Ruskin Union Journal reaches us. It is printed in an artistic manner and the cover bears a simple but very beautiful design by Mr. Walter Severn. The contents include a record of the proceedings in connection with the foundation of the Union, and the interesting address given by Mr. Booth on that occasion is also printed. Not the least interesting feature of this number is the appearance therein of three hitherto unpublished letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin, in 1874, to the Royal Institute of British Architects, which in that year had conferred the Gold Medal upon him.

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Owing to the demand upon our space we are compelled to hold over until our next issue a number of important reviews and other matter. In our July number we shall also print a special article entitled "Blackwood *v.* Ruskin."